NANCY.

BY JOHN A. FRASER.

In brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen; Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow: Her hair was colled neatly, and I indiscreetly Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the

Now, who could be neater or brighter or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightfully low.
Or who look so slender, so gracefully tender
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed and ca-And twisted and turned it, now quick and now Ab, me, but that madness I've paid for in sad Twes my heart she was kneading as well as the

At last, when she turned for her pan to the She saw me, and blushed and said shyly "Please go,
Or my bread'll be spoiling, in spite of my toiling,
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

The sweet little tyrant said: "No. sir! no! no!"
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,
My heart staid with Nancy while kneading the

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy, Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the -Century.

> [Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.] META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addle Deitch Frank.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was the last of January, and Mr. Woodrul was not much better. His eyes were sunken in their sockets, his face was thin and white, and when he spoke it was not above a whisper, as he was very weak. But the physicians think that he is improving

Night after night Madam Reek and Arthur, for he is still at Woodruf Hall, sat up together. One retiring during the day, while the other watched by the sick man's bed. Lina was very miserable; she was not satisfied with her work. What work? That is a question I can not answer until I have investigated her strange conduct. She was from her cheeks, her eyes sparkled with excitement, and her actions were eager and nervous, like some one who was very auxlous to accomplish some great work and made but slow progress. She was never alone with her husband, which seemed to annoy her.

Arthur expected to return home directly after the Christmas holidays, but at the request of Dr. Thornton consented to remain until Mr. Woodruf was better.

"I am going for a walk, Arthur, as I am very tired of this sick room. Will you go with me?" Lina asked in a low voice, scarcely above a whisper, but not so low as not to be distinctly understood by Madam Reek.

"Certainly, Lina, if you wish it, and Madam Reek can spare me," answered Arhur.

"Of course she can; that is, if you are not nuwilling to leave her."

"Perhaps I am, but nevertheless I will go

with you, since she gives her consent." The day was a very pleasant one for a day in January. The sun shene out bright and varm. But in the western sky white, fleecy clouds fit by swiftly, gathering themselves giorious son, and descend to the earth in a

hard shower of rain, snow and sleet. Lina, wrapped in a heavy fur coat, ears, hands and feet encased in wool, sauntered out into the park with her lover. "You are not like my lover of old, Arthur, for you seldom give me a loving word now,

said Lina. "I am growing too old for that." "I had not thought that one ever lost the newer of distributing that which costs them so little, and is worth so much to the recipi-

"Besides, Lins, I think so much of your bushand that I feel wretched at seeing him ill so long, and I sometimes fear that he will "If he does not get well, remember your

promise " "I do remember it, and feel very gniltyas if I were only waiting this poor man's death to snatch that which in life he held most dear. Is it right for us to be happy, you especially, whose husband is so near

death's door?" "Is that a reason why I should be un-"You seem perfectly heartless, Lina."

"We must all die one day, and now it is his time to return to God the spirit He gave," replied Lina, without the least regret in her "Lina, whether you love him or not, you

are the first woman I ever heard of who, "It is because I love you, and will be glad

when I am free." "It you are not true to him, do you think I can ever trust you, in case you are my wife?"

be more true than I mean to be to you." "God grant that time may never come. I Em compelled to return home to-morrow for a few days; while there I intend to call upon

you for calling, and she may think I am anxious to have her return home." "If she says anything to that effect I will assure her of her mistake." "Yet I would rather you did not go. There

can be no doubt as to her receiving your letter. And has she not shown her character in its true light by not writing to her father had glided swiftly by. Arthur was again at for several weeks?"

"You may be right, yet out of respect for Mr. Woodruf, I intend to look after his daughter," he replied. "What if she refuses to return with you?"

"I will plead with her for her father's take, for the love she once bore him, for the tie which binds them together, and for the sake of the mother, who, when living, oved and honored her noble husband." "I hope you will meet with success. But sre you aware of the fact that when she enters the Hall, I leave it?"

"Can it be possible that your hatred extends to the verge of the grave? Lina, you must be more generous, more forgiving to this unhappy girl."

"Never more than I am now," she replied in a firm voice. "Then you can never be more to me than you are now."

"Arthur, Arthur, you do not know what you are saying. Do you want to drive me believing in every word I uttered." "Do as I say and all will be well. Suppose

Would you yield as readily as she has to you? Oh! you do not answer me, your eyes are cast down, you recognize the wrong you have done. Is this my Lina of old, whose heart seemed to melt at the least suffering she saw or heard? It this poor girl goes to the had, it is Lina Woodruff who drove her

"You are telling an untruth. I tried to be her friend, but she treated me with contempt. Then I revolved to send her from Woodruf Hall, and I did it."

"Yes; I saw with my own eyes that you made her life miserable. What do you say now? Are you willing that she shall stand in her place at the bedside of her dying father, and will you remain here also?"

"I once had the power to make you do as wished; but now I see that it has left me | care." and you hold the balance of power. For your love I will endure everything. You may bring her home." "In her name I thank you a thousand

times." "It she knew you were doing so she

would hate you for your kindness. How little she knew, or, knowing, would not confess it, of the noble girl she was try-ing to make Arthur dislike. Yet if she only knew how every word she uttered aside their wraps, and both went to the sick | ger by both physicians. chamber together.

Mr. Woodruf ate but little, if anything, and that was prepared by Madam Reek, who looked very much out of place in the

On the following morning Arthur started for home, after promising to return in a few days. On arriving in the great city, where everything is noise and confusion, he went to the hotel, ate his supper and then repaired to the home of Mrs. Harris. What was his surprise on ringing the bell to learn | bring forth all her charming ways to fascinfrom a servant that her mistress had gone South to join her daughter.
"And where is Miss Woodruf? Did she

accompany Mrs. Harris? ' asked Arthur. "No, sir."

"Then where is she?" "That I do not know, sir. But Mrs Harris took Miss Meta's servant with her." "Is Mr. Harris at home?

"No, sir; he has gone to Europe to finish his studies, and will not be back soon," "Where then can I go to gain any information as to the whereabouts of Miss Wood-

"If she is not at her own home, I don't know anything about her.' "My God, can it be possible she has run "Why, then, did you not to away!" Arthur exclaimed sloud, forgetting fore I went in search of her?"

the presence of the servant. "I shouldn't be much surprised, 'cause not like the Lina of old; the roses had faded | you are the second gentleman who has been | one word against Mets. I dare say that you

here to inquire after her to day. "Who was the other; did he tell you his "Doctor-somebody, I don't just remember. An' now I hope you'll excase me, as I

am in a hurry. "If she should return here, tell her that her father is very ill and asks for her con-tinually. Good night," he said, and walked

away greatly disapointed.

Could it be possible that Meta had eloped with some one? Things did not look alto-gether right. She had, beyond a doubt, started for home, but had never reached it this girl, so unused to being out in the world alone. Perhaps she had been betraved, drugged and carried away for some foul purpose. As Arthur thought of this the large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and his brain seemed to be on fire.

Arthur returned to his room at the hotel lighted a cigar, and seating himself by the grate, was soon studying of what way he should pursue in order to find Meta. It was a great puzzle to him, but at last he made up his mind to send a telegram to Mrs. Harris. He spent a restless night, for he had at last found out, and acknowledged to himself, that which he had never thought possible. He loved Meta Woodruf more than anyone else-more than Lina Mason. This was not a passionate love, such as it had been for her, but pure and sacred.

Next morning he repaired cace more to the home of Mrs. Harris to ascertain the ad dress of her stopping place in the South. After obtaining it he sent a telegram to her at once, and in the evening received an answer which contained nothing satisfactory. Walking down Fifth avenue to his hotel he if he (Arthur) had ever heard what became of the beautiful Miss Woodruf.

"Why do you ask?" asked Arthur.
"An acquaintance of hers said she had returned home; but I leard quite recently that she had not, and that her friends do not know where she is."

"May I ask who the party is who told you "A cousin of the present Mrs. Woodruf,

By the way, I think it was that lady who informed Miss Lauge of the matter." 'It is only too true. As to the cause of i I fear the worst, and intend finding her it possible and restore her to her father.' "I wish you success, Braden. I am in

hurry; good-bye." As Arthur sat in his room he had ample time to think of Lina Mason, the girl he had loved, and of Lina Woodruf, the faise, treacherous woman he was beginning to dislike so bitterly. Could it be possible for one as pure and innocent as Lina Mason to become so wicked in a few short years. Ah! Arthur, a part of it is your falt. The best part of her life was spent in watching, waitthen speaking of a husband dying, did not ing and longing for you to return and fulfil your promise. We know that you were support yourself; that when your father died you lived upon the small allowance set-"Yo can not do otherwise, for none could uncle died and left you his large fortune. your first thought was of the woman you could now make your wife.

Foor Arthur; how disappointed he was when he heard that she was married to an-Miss Meta. Perhaps my letter did not reach other. God slone knows the heart broken | tendent, so that when he is selected, be he feeling of one who loses all that seems worth "Nonsense, Arthur; she would not thank living for. Knowing this, in His great any prejudices to overcome occasioned by mercy, sends the healer, time, to heal the wounded heart. How great God is, and how wonderful are His works.

As we return and look into the sick room we see Madam Reek alone, kneeling by the bedside of Mr. Woodruf, her hands clasped Woodruf Hail, and it was in this position he | the teachers than any one else. The duty found the woman in black when he went to pay his first visit to the sick chamber. He opened the door softly, but bowed his head and waited until she had finished before he they could not vote intelligently for such an entered the room. He could never forget that beautiful scene in the sick chamber. The pale face uplifted to heaven, the white, marble like hands clasped and the rosy lips

moving in prayer. "I beg your pardon, Madam; I hope I have not interrupted you," said Arthur as she

rose quickly. "No. I am through. You perhaps think it strange to find me praying here; but, sir, I try to live a Christian life and to be a

faithful nurse; to be this, I must ask God to aid me," she said in a low musical voice. "You are right. I often think I would give all I am worth to once more have the simple faith of my childhood. To kneel down, as I saw you do a few moments ago,

"I am afraid, sir, that instead of growing | ficers, will be expected to make a similar wiser as you grow older, you have grown | canvass to that which they make. Everyyour position were reversed and she was | more ignorant; gone back to the days when | body is aware of what that means. He will

trying to separate you from your father. God was scarcely known, except as a golden

calf or other idol "You are wrong. We must seek and find out for ourselves. But the mystery connected with God and His ways must be selved before I can believe in Him. The more I seek to find Him, the farther away I seem to be from Him.

"Study nature, Mr. Braden; it will teach you that there is a Supreme Being who rules everything " "I have studied it, and I believe that nature is our God; that this world is ruled by nature |

"And who is nature's God? Can she do her great work without an all-powerful hand

* Nature is most powerful; how wonderful

are her works, if we leave everything to her "She is too rough; she needs to be guided by a mightier power than her own, and that power is God. "I wish that I could believe as you do,

Madam Reek, you remind me so much of a friend of mine, Mr. Woodruf's daughter."
"Indeed, sir; I feel flattered." "She is a lady to be admired by everyone.

I feel very uneasy about her sudden dis

appearance from her aunt's home." Madam Reek did not have time to reply, against her made him love her and long to protect the lonely girl she would have kept silent, They had reached the hall, lain slowly, and was now pronounced out of dan-

As yet no discovery had been made as to the perpetrator of the crime which had almost terminated so fatally, and Madam Reek now thought that she had done wrong in having a suspicion against ----.

Arthur avoided Lina as much as possible, which was not unnoticed by her. It made her feel more fierce than ever. for she saw and knew that he was gradually slipping away from her; that he loved her no more. Yet she must have confidence in herself and ate him egain, for she must not lose him. But she must be tree first. For has he not promised to make her his wife then? Yet her husband is better, will soon be well again, she says to berself.

The evening of his return to Woodruf Arthur spent in the drawing-room with Lina, as Mr. Woodruf was asleep. "So, my Arthur, you did not find your lady bird?"

"Unfortunately, I did not," he answered in a grieved tone, which told how disappointed he was in not finding the woman he

"I knew you would not, for I heard sometime ago of her disappearance." "Why, then, did you not tell me of it be-"Because I felt sure that you would doubt

my word, as you so often do when I speak are now satisfied as to her true character." "I can not but believe that she is a perfect lady-one who has been betrayed or stolen for some bad purpose." "You speak as if she were a child, instead

of a girl of nearly eighteen.' "She is not much more than a child. Lina, will you swear to me that you do not know where she is?"

"I will. Are you satisfied?" "I am, and feel sure that you are telling me the truth. Find her I must, and restore her to her father." he said, rising from his chair and pacing the floor back and forth. 'She is fortunate in having one who is almost a stranger to her take such an inter-

est in her walfare," she said scornfully. "I do not feel as if we were strangers, and even if I did I should do all in my power to make amends for the wrong I have done your noble husband by entering his home as a friend, but in reality his bitterest foe. Oh, can it be possible that I have ever stooped so

Lina did not answer him, as she knew that anything she could say would only serve to make him dislike her the more, and would not aid her in accomplishing her purpose. [CONTINUED MONDAY.]

The County Superintendency.

[Communicated.] WASHINGTON, Ind, Jan. 15 .- In looking over the bills introduced into the present Legislature of Indiana we observed one which provided that the County Superintendent of Public Instruction should be elected by the vote of a majority of the people at a regular election, instead of being met a young friend, who in the course of people at a regular election, instead of being the conversation which followed, asked him sppointed by the Township Trustee, as at present is the case. The present law, as it now stands, was enacted in March, 1873, and has, with but few exceptions, given satisfaction to the public. The practical enforcement of a law for a priod of twelve years without giving but little dissatisfaction to the people is certainly incontrovertible evidence of its expediency. Under this method of election or appointment the office has not become strictly a partisan one. Superintendents have, generally, been appointed on account of their efficiency rather than their political standing. Counties can be cited to where a msjerity of the trustees were Democrats, and in their selection of a Superintendent a Republican was chosen, and where a majority were Republicans and a Democrat selected. Thus we see that under this system in the great majority of the counties of the State the applicant who is best fitted for the place is elected, and not on account poor, and had never learned to work and of his party standing. Again, the appointment takes place at a time of year when there is little or no political tled upon you by your uncle. Yet we must | excitement. The trustees act to a great extent independent of party organization. An applicant is not usually opposed nor favored very strenuously by the public generally. The fact is the masses of the people of either party usually pay but very little attention to the appointment of the County Superin-Republican or Democrat, he has scarcely political bias, and he can enter upon his work with as much influence over the teachers of one party as those of another, and it is evident that this etate of affairs is absolutely necessary for a Superintendent to do any good in the supervision of his county. It is to be presumed that the trustees are better acquainted with the qualifications of

officer. The cost of this manner of appointment is very little, because the trustees must come to the county seat about the 1st of June to make a levy of tax for the ensuing

The objections to the election of a County Superintendent at a regular election are certasnly serious ones, and if such a law were enacted it would certainly have a very deleterious effect on our present prosperous school system. Among the objections to be noticed particularly are: (1) The Superintendent must depend upon a party fight for his election; (2) he will be chosen by parties in convention rather with reference to his

location in the county than his fitness. The Superintendent being placed on the ticket with the remainder of the county of-

be called upon to make political speeches, to "set up" jobs: to go over the county and 'set 'em up" to the boys, and many other things equally obnoxious in such an officer. The effect naturally would be that he would incur the hatred of all the members of the other party, including teachers, and any one who has had any experience in the line of superintending the schools of a county well knows that such an officer, however hard he may work, will have a very poor chance to do effective work with nearly onehalf the county against him. Thus making the question of the election strictly a party fight, when every citizen's mind is aroused by political prejudices, can have no other tendency than to lessen the respect of a re-

spectable minority of the people for such an

He would be nominated by a convention rather with reference to his location in the county than his fitness for the office. The office would be placed about co-ordinate with the Eurveyor's office. The most important offices, such the Clerk's, Auditor's, Treasurer's, Sheriff's, etc., would be filled by men from different parts of the county, and, as is generally the case, when the convention would get down to this office it would find that some part of the county was not represented on the ticket, and in order to satisfy that section and increase the strength of the ticket, Mr. so and so is placed on the ticket, not because of his qualifications for the office, but because he lives in a certain township. These evils are so manifest that it seems that it should be but very little trouble for the intelligent observer to discern them at a glance.

Oth ries sons might be given for the inexpediency of this bill, but the above will suffice for the present.

The old law of appointment, tested for a period of twelve years, should certainly remain in force unless a better method of selection can be substituted for it. As stated, it has in the vast majority of cases given satisfaction, and is acceptable to the great majority of the people, who alone practically feel the administration of it. Certainly where a law has been in successful operation for a number of years, is just, and the people have conformed to it and are satisfied under its workings, making no clamor for its repeal, it is unwise to supplant it with one that is manife. Inferior in its operations.

> A Historical Parallel. [Boston Evening Record]

When Mark Twain was serving as private secretary to Sepator Jim Nye, of Nevada, he replied to a letter from some of the Senator's constituents asking for a subscription to aid in building a church: "What you want is not a church, but a nice, large, strong new jail." So Mr. Randall says to the Southern people: What you want is not cheaper blankets, ciothing, sugar, sait, glass, crockery, lumber, coal and iron, but cheaper whisky and tobacce." "Mark" lost his place. Randall will lose his labor.

Grain Products of 1884.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16 .- The annual report of the Department of Agriculture makes the ecord of corn production for 1884 1,795,000,-600 bushels; wheat nearly 513,000,000 bushels, and cats 582,000,000 bushels. These aggregates are the largest ever recorded. The rate of yield is 25.8 bushels of corn, 13.8 bushels of wheat, and 27.4 bushels of oats to

A Household Friend

There is hardly a family in which accidents of some kind are not occurring daily. In order to be prepared for such emergencies, every household should have Pond's Extract at hand. By its use immediate and sure relief is obtained. Its wonderful healing power for all kinds of cuts, bruises, swellings, sprains, screness, pains, aches, etc., has been satisfactorily attested by thousands of testimonials received during the last fifty years. Go to your druggist and ask for Pond's Extract. Take no substitute, but have the genuine article.

Establishment of a Methodist Female

College. BALTINGER Jan. 16 .- The efforts to estab lish a female college under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church has so far progressed that \$135 000 of the \$200,000 required has already been subscribed. The indications are that the remainder will soon be obtained.

It is well understood that Mishler's Herb Bitters is composed of the best and purest herbs, selected for their known carative properties and compounded with the greatest scientific and medical skill, in order to secure the best and most efficacious results. It is essentially a medical preparation for the cure of indigestion, kidney and liver complaints, asthma, bronchitts, and all dis-eases arising from an impure condition of

No Investigation to be Had.

Washington, Jan. 16 .- By a tie vote the House Committee on Naval Affairs to day decided to ignore the proposed investigation into the death of Cadet Strong at the Naval

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. STANTON, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

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In a vice, turn the screw until the pain is all you can possibly bear, and that's Rheumatism; turn the screw once more, and that's Neuralgia. Such was the definition of these two diseases given his class by a Professor in a medical college, and he added: "Gentlemen, the medical profession knows no certain cure for either." The latter statement is no longer true, for it has been proved time and again that

C. F. Tilton, Freeport, Ill., Engineer on C. & N. W. Ry., writes:

"Have been troubled with Pheumatism fif-teen years, and have been confined to the house four mouths at a time. Have used two bottles of ATHLOPHOROS and seem to be entirely cured. I cannot say too much for the medicine."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed.

112 WALL ST. NEW YORK SCROFU

Vanderbilt's Money Couldn't Bay It. The Acworth News and Farmer of this week says: Mrs. Elizabeth Baker, residing within three miles of Acworth, remarked that Vanderbilt's fortune could not buy from her what six bottles of Swift's Specific has done for her. Her statement is as follows: For thirty-one years I have uffered almost death from that horrible disease, crofula. For years I was unable to do anything in keeping up my domestic anairs. Last October I was induced to try Swift's Specific, and used two bottles, and was so much benefited by it that I purchased four more from Messrs. Northeut & Johnson, which has almost entirely recleved me. feel like a new person, and can do all my own housework. Before I took the S. S. S my life was a burden, as my entire person was covered with Fores, and in this mise able condition I did not care to live. I had tried every known remedy, and my case was generally regarded as incurable. I had been treated by the best physicians to no ayail. I most heartily recommend Swift's Specific te the afficied Messrs, Northcut & Johnson, merchants at Ac-worth, ssy: We know Mrs, Elizabeth Baker personally; we are familiar with her case. She is highly esteemed in this community.

Rheumatism Twenty Years. I bave been a sufferer from rheumatism for twenty years, at times with almost intolerable pain. I had the best medical treatment, and took all sorts of remedies, but without relief. Being reduced almost to a skeleton, and not being able to wark even with crutches. I was induced to try Swift's Specific, and it acted like a charm, and I am to day entirely relieved. Have thrown away my crutches, and am in excellent health. I be-Heve Swift's Specific will cure the worst cases of

MRS, EZRA MERSHON, Macon, Ga., Aug, 4, '81.

Communication. WETUMPKA, Ala., Sept. 28, 1884.—About six years ago I became afficied with a very disagreeable skin disease, with large, dry sores and many crusted pimples on my face, hands and shoulder. The sore on my shoulder eat out a hole nearly an inch deep, and the cancerous appearance of one of the series near my eye alarmed me very much. I tried all kinds of treatment, but found nothing that seemed to affect the disease. I flually decided to try S. S. S. on advice of a physician. and in a short time the scabs dropped from the sores and left my skin smooth and well, I consider S. S. S. the greatest blood medicine made, and the only thing that will cure the disease with which I was afficted. I think my trouble was the result of a terrible attack of malarial fever, contracted while farming in the Tallapoosa River swamp. I can be

found at my office in the court-house at We-tumpka. You can refer to me J. L. RHODES, Dep Sheriff Elmore Co., Ala. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Drawer 3,



My daughter and myself, great sufferers from
catarrh, were cured by
Ely's Cream Balm. My
sense of smell was restored.—C. M. Stauley,
Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy founded on correct disposis of this disease and can be de-sended upon. Cream Balm causes no pain Gives relief at once. Cleanses the head. Causes healthy secretions. Abates Inflammation, Fre vents fresh colds. Heals the sores. Restores the sense of taste and smell. A thorough treatment will care. Not a liquid or snuß, Applied into the nostrils. Sec. at druggists; Goc. by mail Sample bottles by mail, 10c. ELY REOTFIERS Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO DOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Yearl St. N. Y

Just Close Enough.

"Have a close shave, sir?" "No, thanks, not very close. At least not quite

so close as the last Presidential election " Your correspondent had just enscenced himself luxuriously in a chair in the neat barber shop, No. 1,319 Morgan street, St. Louis, and was sinking into dreams, when the above question and the necessary answer broke the spell.

"That election did go away down to the skin, sir, and no mistake." said Barber Bowles, gently rubbing the creamy lather through the tough stubble on my chin; "I had half a notion to puta sign, 'election shaves,' outside of the door, but concluded not to."

"To change the subject," said I, "if somebody would invent an arrangement which would relieve a barber from the fatigue of standing, and make him as comfortable as the man he is shaving, what a blessing it would be to the profession,

"I don't ask nor expect that," replied Mr. Bowles, but not long ago I had rheumatism in my back, and then standing up at the chair by the my back, and then standing up at the chair by the hour was to ugh work. In fact I bardly knew what I should do. Liniments? Oh, yes; I tried those things in all their varieties, and plasters, too, by the dozen. Good? did you say? No, my trouble was too deep for them. Finally one day Mr. F. G. Daunitz, of Mastbrook's Pharmacv. in this city, recommended Benson's Capcine Playters. All right, says I. I'll try them and collected. this city, recommended beason's Capcine Playters. All right, says I, I'll try them, and so I did. Help me? Well I should say they did. Depend on it there is something scientific about those things. They quieted the pain, warmed my back most pleasantly, and in a short time made it clastic and strong as ever. I venture to say that no other external remedy on earth can compete with them. Rheumatism has got to go when Benson's plasters are around, hay rum? Yes sir."

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